in spirit to his eccentric and arresting genius. A middle-aged and well-to-do stockbroker was indeed driven to abandon his wife and family and comfort in the pursuit of his art, and here in Punaauia he lived as a primitive among natives that were fast ceasing to be primitive any longer even in his day. For that reason he left Tahiti, hoping in the Marquesas that civilisation might yet be out-distanced. But its tentacles were even there and he felt the doom of their approach before, in battle with authority, lonely, and in agony, death brought to him that peace from the striving of his genius which the world could never give.

The Story is really one of the most remarkable of our time. It is easy enough to blame a man for the desertion of his wife and family, especially when he leaves them no guaranteed existence, but Paul Gauguin's act was a ' gesture' upon which it is well to dwell. I have many a time

sat by the stretch of shore along which he must often have wandered, and turned it over in my mind. Millions of us in these days find ourselves tied in some place at some job in which we know only too bitterly and well that something in us will never be fulfilled. We shall continue to live, we shall make a